All of us who have experienced anything like the following may comprehend how there should be such a resurrection of feeling. Conceive a world-involved man taking a quiet day, in a life of engrossing "business, to visit the scenes of his childhood. The house in which he was reared—the room in which he slept—the field in which he played—the garden or glen in which he gathered flowers—this gnarled oak, and that sequestered dell—have all an attraction to him which they have to no other; and their attraction arises from their raising recollections of scenes which seemed to he for ever lost, but which were vastly interesting at the time, as they are still interesting in the gushing memory of them as they well up from the mind as waters from a fountain. Events which were regarded as absolutely buried are made to spring up in vivid reality, and they come with intense power to move the soul to mirth or melancholy. It is an experimental proof of the possibility of the resurrection of buried thoughts. So far as forgotten sins are concerned, the conscience is the archangel's trumpet, whose sound raises them from the graves to which they had been consigned, in the hope that they might dwell in perpetual darkness; and they stand before us shivering and shaking, calling on the hills to cover them, and the caves to hide them—but all to no purpose, for there is no place in which these risen ghosts can find a shelter, except in the land of perpetual darkness, where their misery is concealed, though not lessened or remedied. There is a death for the soul, but there is no grave in which to bury it.

But will the mind not endeavour still to conceal the guilt from itself ? Most assuredly it will, but in a new way. The old methods have failed, but new ones will present themselves, and be eagerly followed. After the exposure which has been made, it knows that it cannot conceal inself in its old mantle ; it must

therefore find a new one, which if not so fair and becoming, nor adapted for concealment, may yet be harder and more impene-trable, and fitted for defence; and underneath the external garb, when it is torn away, there will be found a coat of mail for pro-tection. The man cannot now flatter himself into the belief that his virtues are numerous and his faults few; for, as he stood at the bar of the Judge, he got a view of his character in all its blackness and hideousness. Still he cannot bear the continual gnawings of that condemning conscience. But if it cannot be